

## HERE'S LUCK.

And May Your Shadow Never Grow Less.

As You Peruse the Religious Column.

Fellow fryers in this mundane bake-oven!

How do you like it as far as you've got?

Shall we put any more wood in the stove?

How did you manage to crawl through last week, anyhow?

Wasn't it a scorcher?

Over two thousand beefsteaks died in one hour, and were buried without an inquest. Yes, you bet, they were put under the pound quick.

Everybody knew what was the matter with them. They were "prostrated by the heat."

In St. Louis the thermometers had to be tied down with ropes, and one broke its bonds and stood on his head on the top of the court house dome and reached for the sun.

Yes, Mercury went way upward, then sat down on a cloud and wagged his feet around his head so he could fan himself with the wings hitched to his heels.

You bet it was hot. Why you couldn't stand on the ground and reach up and hold your hand on a three-story tin roof a minute. No sir, not a minute. It was so hot—and high.

People who wouldn't speak to a "workingman" two weeks ago, took off their hats to Shafer—every time he passed by. They said he was a nice man; but ice men up-stuck their noses, and weighed out a frozen due-drop for ten cents a drop.

And that's how they made sun while the hay shown.

Oh, you may say, "give us a rest," and all that; but we're doing this preaching, and if you don't like the way we talk, you'll find a contribution box nailed on the front door, and you can put your nicker in it as you pass out.

I tell you it was hot, and people powerful thirsty. People should be careful about their drinks in hot weather. Take it by degrees and watch the thermometer. When you get up to 98 stop—stop right there. That's what a thermometer is for—and the man who wants more than 98 drinks is a hog.

Talking about drinks!

He held the old shirt by the neck before discarding it forever, but he wasn't mourning for the garment. He only said thusly: "I wish I had the money for all the drinks that have gone through that old neck-band."

Stranger, it's a long time since you and I sung a song together. The last song we sang was an invitation to Johnny to fill up the bowl, but he said the bowl and the plate were both broken. As we gazed upon the remains, we gently murmured, "when shall we three meet again?" and departed. The reason we haven't been here before, though, was that we have been to Washington to examine Mrs. Jenks. We found Mrs. J., like her native state, most all bony.

But to our song. It's a late one. Got in the house at 3 o'clock this morning, through the back window. The big bald-headed man will now murder the bass drum:

Gabriel sat on a hickory tree,  
Hoist up your attic window,  
Shouting out that mercy free,  
Sinners go along;  
You grease your wings you flip on high,  
Hoist up your attic window,  
You turn a somerset in the sky,  
Sinners go along.

O Josiah, you'll expire  
Kiss me on my aching brow,  
Sinners go along.

Sister Ruth she went to church,  
Hoist up your attic window,  
The scriptures she was bound to search;  
Sinners go along;  
She found Dan locked in the lion's den,  
Hoist up your attic window,  
She told it to her brother Clem;  
Sinners go along.

Nebuchadnezzar was the king of the Jews,  
Hoist up your attic window,  
He stood 'leven foot in his old gum shoes;  
Sinners go along;  
No roof on the house the water comes in,  
Hoist up your attic window,  
He kept himself dry by drinking gin;  
Sinners go along.

If there is anything we like to encourage, it is youth. We never yet saw two boys tying a tin can to a dog's tail but what we felt a thrill of—pity for the dog. Ah! the innocence of youth! Youth is—if that cuss of a bootblack didn't give me this lead quarter, I don't want a cent! As we were saying, we like to encourage youth. Here is one, seven years old who ought to be encouraged:

"Dear uncle George please get me a new foundland dog. I want a puppy. I hope you are well like I am I go to school now and have recess. I am bad off for the dog. send him as soon as you can, I send my love to you for christ sake amen.

send a boy dog.

He got the "boy" dog.

Here's a little curiosity going the

rounds that is good. When we say it is good, that is sufficient for you:

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off still another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

That's the way we stopped chewing tobacco out on the plains, two hundred miles from a store.

This here meeting will close with "The Backbiter." Heaven knows, we would like to wind up with a back scratcher; but how can a fellow get around behind himself? So stick to the clothes brush or rub your back against the corner of the door jam, which is one of the most unsatisfactory things we ever struck in life. But hear the poet:

There's someone living in this town,  
(Maybe you know her name,  
And maybe, should I write it down,  
Your own would prove the same),  
Who, when we say, "He's good," will cry,  
"Indeed! You think that's true,  
But," very confidentially  
"You wouldn't—if you knew."

One says, "What a pretty girl goes by!"  
"Oh, horrors! you don't think  
So?—Since we're you and I,  
I'll say, her parents' drink;  
And she—well I won't tell it out,  
Though I have no doubt it's true,  
You think she's nice and pretty, but  
You wouldn't—if you knew!"

If one sings sweetly, "How she flirts!"  
If dressed in taste, "What style!"  
Supremely "vulgar" all her hats,  
Her dresses simply "vile!"  
And when good reason Busby failed,  
(A noble man and true),  
She said, when we his lot bewailed,  
"You wouldn't—if you knew!"

Let those admire and love who can  
This malice-breathing dame,  
Who seems to think a prosperous man  
Must surely be to blame,  
That beauty is a mark of sin,  
That goodness must be crime;  
She sees but this and rascals in  
The heroes of the time.

Sometimes she doesn't hesitate  
To tell us what she knows,  
And in nine cases out of eight  
A lie is all she shows  
For virtue's sake, I hope to find  
One good old doctrine true,  
Some heat for such I should not mind;  
"You wouldn't—if you knew!"

## THE UNLICENSED DOG.

Boston's Kind Method of Abridging His Doleful Days.

Boston Globe.

"What'll ye take fur yer dog now, Johnny?" said one east Boston boy to another yesterday morning.

Johnny stood on the sidewalk gazing ruefully at a yellow dog whose only collar was the end of a lasso thrown by Dr. Al Watts over its unlicensed head.

"He ain't my dog," said Johnny; "but he might 'a' been if I could 'a' paid his fine. He might have made a durn good dog, too, but I s'pose he's goin' to glory, sure enough, now," and the would-be dog owner turned sadly away, seeking new objects of interest.

Dr. Watts was on his animal raid, and he took in East Boston as the first point of attack. He is exceedingly skillful in the use of the lasso, never missing his mark when he tries to catch a dog and always managing the deed so that the dog suffers nothing. On his return to his headquarters with his spoils, he was met by a Globe reporter, who inquired concerning the results of the morning's work.

"We have captured fifteen so far to-day," said the doctor, "and there are a few more to come."

"Are you so familiar with the dogs of thecity that you know just what dogs are licensed and what unlicensed?"

"Certainly; I have known the licensed dogs for several years; I know just where to go to find the dogs I am after, and recognize my victim by sight when I see him. Hello!" turning to an attendant, "who brought that dog in? Oh, yes; I remember him now; he belongs on N—street, I know the dogs of this city as a good doctor knows his patients."

"Have you disposed of your morning's haul?"

"Not yet, come down stairs and see the method we employ. I would like to have people understand it, for sometimes they think we are inhuman and unkind, whereas the truth is, my whole treatment of animals is based upon the theory that kindness is the true discipline. In most cities the methods of killing unlicensed dogs makes the death painful and protracted, often as long as fifteen minutes in duration. Other men use poisons of various kinds, deaths by drowning, strangulation, shooting and the like. Now, I'll show you how now I do it," and he led the way through the main room, where dogs of all description are lying in their kennels, some sleeping, some wrestling, some howling, some wagging their tails with joy at sight of the one whom they recognize as their master. Down stairs by a ladder into a little room, unfurnished, except by a broom and wheelbarrow, a little dog of an unknown breed was running

about here wagging his tail to everybody in the way that unlicensed dogs do, making friends with everybody, ready to abide with one man till another claimed him. With no movement or look of unnecessary force, an attendant picked this dog up and opened its mouth, whereupon Dr. Watts placed about a tablespoonful of a white powder upon the base of his tongue. The dog was then placed on the floor where he stood wagging his tail a little doubtfully and licking his chops slowly for a few seconds, evidently in considerable mental confusion. Then he staggered and fell on his side, his muscles quivered spasmodically, a brief whine, and that was the end of the homeless cur. The attendant picked up the dead body and put it on the wheelbarrow preparatory to burying it.

"Not much suffering there, was there?" remarked the doctor, in a cool, but far from unsympathetic voice.

The reporter was astonished. Less than a minute had elapsed between the time when the powder struck his tongue and the moment when all life had ceased in the unfortunate dog's body.

"Some people can hardly believe," said the doctor, ascending the ladder, "that death will ensue so quickly, even when they see it. They think he will recover, but he can't; he is dead forever, and without any unnecessary agony."

## THE BEAUTIFUL IMPOSTER.

Next to the reign of Beau Nash, in the last century, perhaps that of the Princess Caraboo, in the earlier part of this, forms one of the most important and sensational incidents in the history of the city of Bath.

In the year 1877, the sturdy village over-seer of Almondsbury saw one evening, wandering in Knob park, the residence of a wealthy merchant, Mr. Samuel Worrall, a young and very beautiful woman, commanding in stature, voluptuous figure, almost bronze in complexion, with regular features, superb black hair, that hung in two great braids, woven into beads, nearly to the ground. She wore an Oriental dress, full, with loose sleeves, and nothing on her small brown feet but a pair of worn sandals.

So dignified and haughty was the stranger's bearing that the honest man approached with deference, as well as curiosity, to inquire what she was doing in the park, but found to his astonishment she was not able to speak or understand one word of English. By signs and gestures she conveyed to him that she was looking for somewhere to sleep, and was worn out with fatigue. The over-seer, at a loss what to do, led her to the mansion of Mr. Worrall, who was so struck by the beauty, manness, and apparent misfortunes of the Princess, that he and his wife insisted on her remaining as their guest.

The family soon became so interested in their visitor that they invited the greatest linguists of the day to meet her, but, unfortunately, no one could interpret the strange, yet musical language she spoke. She ate no animal food, insisted on preparing her own diet generally of rice or sago, which she dressed in a peculiar fashion, and evinced the ingenious happiness of a child in displaying her varied accomplishments for the amusement of the family and their friends. She executed various fantastic dances with grace and abandon, swam like a fish, and could dive headforemost into deep water, rowed with strength and skill, and excel the best archer in England in the use of bow and arrow.

At this time she went to Bath for the season with her generous protectors, and there she made a sensation such as no woman or woman in England, save the beautiful Gunning sisters, have produced.

She made her first appearance in the Assembly rooms in such a silence that a pin could have been heard to drop, so dazzling was her beauty, which was displayed to the greatest advantage in a loose but clinging robe of rich colors threaded with gold; the full sleeves reaching only to her elbow could not conceal the exquisite moulding of her well-developed arms, a broad embroidered band was fastened about her round and supple waist, in which was stuck a small and rudely-fashioned knife, her inseparable companion. Her magnificent hair was worn, as usual, in broad braids, and on one side of her well poised head were fastened seven peacock's feathers in the form of a waving crescent. Bird, the artist who was present, was so struck by her extraordinary appearance that he afterward painted her portrait—life-size—in the costume she wore that evening. There also happened to be present on that evening a learned Portuguese, who, on being presented to her, at once recognized her language as being that of the Javasu, the inhabitants of an island in the East Indies. He interpreted her remarkable history as follows:

Her mother, Queen of Javasu, was killed during the rebellion. She herself attempted to escape with her father, but he was shot, and she was captured and sold to a band of pirates who soon after visited the island. They took her on their sailing vessel, but after a long voyage were attacked by a Spanish cruiser. Many of them were killed, and the vessel sacked by the assailants. She herself was a captive, but after piteous entreaties, and the surrender of some gold ornaments which were concealed in her clothing they landed her at a small fishing village on the coast of Spain. She had heard of England, and that the people were good there, and, surmounting almost incredible difficulties, made her way to its friendly shores.

She drew with her finger a rough chart of the ship's course, and crude sketches of the principal scenes she had passed through, and told her story with such animation and dramatic gestures that the bystanders declared they could follow it perfectly.

When her romantic and pathetic history became public, the force was greater than ever, and the Princess Caraboo was entertained by the nobility became the toast and belle of the season, and men of wealth, rank and fortune knelt at her feet as suitors. Poems were dedicated to her, the wits strained their intellects for compliments and epigrams in her honor, and great scholars sought from her further information as to the almost unknown island of Javasu. One learned savant, Dr. Wilkerson, was so much touched by her story that he visited London, endeavoring to interest the East Indian Directors in her; and to rouse public sympathy in her behalf he wrote long letters to the London newspapers concerning the beautiful wanderer from the Orient. When these effusions appeared in print Princess Caraboo must, indeed, have ejaculated, "Lord, preserve me from my friend; I can defend myself against my enemies; for the zealous doctor brought labelled savage most emphatically to grief.

Scarcely had these communications appeared when a spinster from Devonshire made her appearance at Bath, to point a bony finger of shame at the royal Caraboo, whom—alas! for romance—she identified as a former maid-servant, and the daughter of a humble laborer in the creamy county of Devonshire. Society fell into a state of consternation—it was a wonder it did not collapse altogether—and when further particulars transpired "the hussy," "the jade," from Javasu, had to leave the city of Bath to escape violence.

A maid servant, with an imagination that soared above dish water, and an ambition ungratified by "black-leading," she had been carried away by the promise of a fine gentleman from London, and went there "to be a lady." It ended sadly enough—in her becoming a mother, and a temporary inmate of the Magdalene. But with her head full of romance, and thirsting for adventure, she received the idea of Princess Caraboo, and how well she carried it out has been related, the learned "Portugee" lending himself to the fraud, so infatuated was he with her beauty.

That she was a woman of no ordinary ability is evident, and it is a great pity that one so naturally gifted and beautiful, with such talent for the stage, should not have found a better outlet for her ambition.

Fortunately, there happened to be one real Christian on the spot, and that the one person who had the most reason to resent the heartless hoax—Mrs. Worrall herself, from first to last the constant and true friend of the bogus Princess, now plain Peggy. When everybody else turned upon her, Mrs. Worrall furnished her with an outfit, and paid her passage to America, where she promised to begin a new life under the care of some Moravian ladies who were going to settle in Philadelphia. And such is the tale of Princess Caraboo.

## A RICH MAN STARVED.

Somerville Journal.

"So Jones is dead," said one Somerville man to another.

"Yes, poor fellow," was the reply, "he's gone."

"What did he die of?" inquired the first speaker.

"Starvation," was the answer.

"Starvation! Good gracious, the man was worth \$50,000."

"I know that; nevertheless he died of starvation. I'll tell you how it was. Jones was always fancying there was something the matter with him; so he went to a doctor one day and had himself examined, and the doctor informed him that he had kidney disease, and that, besides taking medicine, he must diet himself. Said the doctor: 'You must avoid all kinds of salt meats, salt fish, potatoes, cabbage, and vegetables of every kind. Jones followed the advice, but found himself no better. He went to another doctor, and, after being examined, was informed that he must avoid all kinds of fresh meats also. This

did not do him any good, as he thought, and he went to another doctor who highly approved of the advice which had previously been given and further warned him against all kinds of pastry, likewise shellfish, including oysters and clams. The best thing for you is a milk diet, said this doctor; so Jones lived wholly upon milk. Not feeling himself any better he went to another doctor, who cautioned him to avoid milk, above all things, if he wanted to get well. This reduced Jones to a diet of cold water and fresh air, and finding himself no better under this regime, he went to another doctor, who advised him to beware of drinking too much water and being too much in the air. This last advice cut off the last of Jones's article of diet, and he died of starvation, as I have told you."

## A OARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. 10-11 Broadway.

## In Uncertainty.

Wall Street News.

He was hurrying along Center street the other morning, when a boy about his own age stopped him and called out:

"Struck it?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Going to sweep out an office for a feller."

"Who?"

"Dunno."

"How much?"

"Can't tell."

"Why?"

"Cause if he's a lawyer he'll give ten cents and predict that I'll be president some day, but if he's a broker he'll flip me a half-a-dollar and not care two cents whether I bring up in Washington or Halifax! S'long!"

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Of any school, what is that is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always. And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu.'"

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria fever, ague, etc., and they will tell you:

"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"

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And compounded into Hop Bitters such a

[Concluded next week.]

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## HOME COMFORT.

After a Rainy Ride a Country Physician Tells What He Thinks of Some People.

"I wish to gracious some people would learn when they need a doctor and when they don't," exclaimed Dr. E.—as he entered his house in a cosy little village in the interior of state of New York, after a tedious night ride of many miles. "I have been down in the mountains to see a man who, the messenger said, was very sick and not likely to live till morning, unless he had immediate help, and found him suffering from a rather sharp attack of colic, which his family might have relieved in ten minutes, if they had a grain of sense and two or three simple remedies in the house. But no; they must remain ignorant as pigs, and when the least ache or pain takes them, send for a doctor, whether they ever pay him or not."

"Why, doctor, what kind of simple remedies, as you call them, do you expect people to keep in the house?" asked his wife, as she poured him a cup of hot tea.

"In this case," answered the doctor, "if they had only put a BENSON'S CAPSICINE POROUS PLASTER on the man's stomach, he would have been all right in an hour, and saved me a dreary ride."

In all ordinary complaints it cures at once.

All diseases are eliminated from the system by what may be roughly called expulsion or extrication or by a union of the two processes. It incites the torpid organs to act, and sends its healing, soothing influence through the myriad pores of the skin. All other plasters oblige the patient to wait. They give him hope for to-morrow. Benson's plaster gives him help to-day. Which is better, do you think? Buy the CAPSICINE and keep it in the house. Price 25 cents.

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